

SOMETHING.

EDITED

BY NEMO NOBODY, ESQUIRE.

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"'Tis Something.....Nothing."

No. 13.] *Boston, Saturday, February 10, 1810.* [VOL. I.

TO DISTANT INTENDED PATRONS.

“**T**HREE is no general rule without an exception,” is a frequent remark when circumstances invite occasional departures from established customs: and when an inroad is once made, it is difficult to repel the further incursions of invaders.

To our own rules we wish as far as practicable at all times to adhere; and as our publishers inform us that applications are occasionally made to them by letter for information of the terms on which we receive subscriptions for our paper, to save them and our friendly applicants all the expense and trouble in our power, we observe, that for a standing rule we have fixed the price of “Something” at four dollars per annum. Of our subscribers in and about Boston, we require one half in advance, from those at a distance we expect the whole.

All distant orders received inclosing the necessary advance, shall be gratefully and punctually attended to.

But although we are told that we abound in singularities, we shall endeavour to introduce one more by making the above a general rule *without an exception.*

COMMUNICATION.

(*Verbatim et Literatim.*)

TO NEMO NOBODY, ESQ.

SIR—I Sand you the following For you In Spection which you may please to Correct and place in your next Number Your

Boston, February 1th, 1810.

B. M. L.

We feel ourselves extremely obliged by the privilege allowed to us, by B. M. L. of correcting and inserting his or her “Invocation to Hope,”

but we are under the necessity of observing that we have not leisure to make such emendations as would render it acceptable to our readers.

—♦—

TO NEMO NOBODY, ESQ.

SIR,

THE excellent and probably effectual remedy which in your last number you prescribed for the complaint of your correspondent T, has induced me to trouble you with an application for relief from an evil, perhaps as serious, although of a nature essentially different. Trusting, however, that your ingenuity will suggest something that will prove as efficacious in removing my distress as your proposed remedy if adopted must be to that of T, I venture my statement.

My complaint, sir, is that I have neither snow-shovel, hammer, nor flat-irons in my house; and that with all the industry and ability that I can exercise I find it very difficult to find butter, cabbage, and potatoes for my family, after having supplied them with the more substantial requisites of firewood, clothing, bread, and meat.

Now, sir, if you will inform me how I can procure honestly, as my own, these articles, which I confess I occasionally borrow, that I may intrude no longer on my neighbour T, you shall have as your reward all that I could give to *him* for his occasional kindness, and all that I can give to *you*—my thanks.

Yours, &c.

B.

Answer.

We suspect from the above, that our correspondent B has like our friend in the Mirror, put on a cap merely because he thought it fitted, but without its being intended for him. It is not often that we know our correspondents, but although T's communication comes to us through the medium of the Post Office, we *think* we are acquainted with its author, and if so, we will venture to assure our correspondent B, that no part of the letter could have alluded to him or any one under the circumstances in which he describes himself to be; for T himself declared, "This conduct is the more absurd, because these people" (the borrowers) "all possess a competent property." Besides, we know something of the feelings of T, and think that he would experience pleasure in accommodating a poor man, though he wishes to be free from the unnecessary incroachments of the rich.

With respect to B's request to us for information how he can procure honestly the articles of which he stands in need, we can only reply shortly, that added to industry and ability, economy will do much.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE BOSTON MIRROR.

GENTLEMEN,

I am not conscious that before the late attacks on me in your paper I had published one syllable, that could in the slightest degree be considered as derogatory to your merit or injurious to your interest; had I so done I should have deviated widely from the impulse of inclination.—I have been told that I was attacked in one of your numbers preceding that which I noticed. It may be so—I have not seen it. I did not *wish* to see it, because I felt no inclination to waste time in idle controversies about trifles.

It appears to me that the most manly pursuit we could adopt, the most honourable and the most efficacious in the general cause for which we contend, for we each labour in the same vineyard, would be to give and to take mutual assistance.—If any person has cause of complaint against me he can readily find admission for his complaints in my paper; I have never excluded any thing against myself—I have never pretended to correctness of judgment, although I have been accused of it publicly and privately—I endeavour to furnish my readers with sixteen pages of original matter, or nearly so, every week, to which effort I readily confess that I feel frequently incompetent, but for occasional errors which “*currante calamo*” may be exhibited; I have a right to expect indulgence from the candid.

Distinguishing the correspondent in your last number from the editors, I must in my own defence make some remarks.

NEMO NOBODY.

THE MIRROR'S CORRESPONDENT.

“*Give me my armour,*
“*I'll put it on.*”

We now resume our plural pronoun—although “this skulking behind the plural pronoun and its concomitants, serves only to prove Nobody a most egregious *Egotist*. ”

We have never sought controversy with cotemporary editors or their correspondents, but we will never shrink from an attack.

An anonymous correspondent in the Mirror, has thrown down his gauntlet—and shall *we* not take it up? But as brevity is the soul of wit, we will be as brief as such a contest will permit us to be.

With all the quixotism of a maniac fighting windmills, taking them for armies, our ingenious correspondent requests, nay, defies us “to point out either a deviation from truth, a distortion of facts, a personal allusion, or a dogmatic expression.” This request, or this defiance (no

matter which) intimates an assertion, that on our part such accusations had been advanced.—We shall only observe, that when he can point out to us this army of accusations that we have raised, the army shall be ready to defend itself; till then the correspondent (we wish he had furnished himself with some title) must be content to engage imaginary enemies.

In our number 11, after having said all we thought necessary respecting the Mirror's correspondent, we threw to be sure, under the head of "observations" amid the crowd of antagonists a few caps, intending them only for a general scramble; if our correspondent has found one that fits him, he is heartily welcome to wear it.

He begins by observing,

"N. N. Esq. having attempted to smother a few squibs, which were harmless in design, though in effect detrimental to the said *personage*; it has become necessary," &c.

Perhaps *this* observation, may *not* be "a deviation from the truth or a distortion of facts"—if, however, it is not, we must subject ourselves to an imputation of similar criminality, by remarking, that so far from attempting to smother any squibs in the Mirror, we have freely offered the privilege of lighting them at our own fire; we were fully aware of their harmless nature, and had no objection to the innocent amusement of boys.

"Harmless in design, though in effect detrimental to the said personage." We think *this* fact would have been stated with more veracity had the words "harmless" and "detrimental" changed places.—viz. detrimental in design but harmless in effect.

The correspondent then observes, that "it has become necessary to emit something of a more aspiring nature, which while it eludes his grasp and soars beyond his observance, may amuse if not enlighten those of less tenacious dispositions."—To elude our grasp and soar beyond our observance, he emits something of a more aspiring nature—but what is this?—a rocket. We know not how anxious the gentleman may be to elude our *grasp*, but we may venture to declare, that his rockets cannot soar beyond our *observance*, for we have observed such aspiring play-things till they became—no-things.

"The "squibs" it must be confessed were surcharged with wild fire, in some measure borrowed from Nemo's chemical work room, nor can it be denied that many of the combustible ingredients which compose these rockets were manufactured in the same laboratory."

We are at all times ready to furnish from our laboratory wholesome ingredients—but if we do not mix them ourselves, we cannot become answerable for the want of affinity in heterogenous matters.—We know that acids and alkalis meeting produce *effervescence*—but we know also that

from their union a neutral salt is produced ; and such we could wish should be the effect ultimately produced between the correspondent and ourselves.

The correspondent accuses us of a treacherous memory, in consequence of our observing in answer to his former remarks "we do not recollect having boasted of originality of thought, or accuracy of judgment, even in "as many as two or three instances ;" he then proceeds.

"If recommending a certain municipal regulation which afterwards happens to be adopted, and then asserting that said regulation did actually originate in the said recommendation, be not boasting as above stated—then is N. N. Esq. thoroughly exonerated from the charge."

Admitting for the moment that we were the authors, or causers, or promoters of the municipal regulation alluded to, have we not a right to boast? Do not the triumphs of success in the cause of virtue afford justifiable sensations of rejoicing? Are we not told, and by an author who wrote not to deceive, that virtue is

"The only good

"Man *justly* boasts of or can call his own?"

But we never flattered ourselves with the idea that any thing we had said on the subject of masquerades, had influenced the selectmen—they knew their duty, they were guardians of the morals of the town, they performed their duty, and they would have done so, had "Something" never existed.

We wish not to impose on the correspondent of the Mirror too difficult a task; but we shall be ready to confess our boasting, when he will prove that we *have asserted* "that said regulation did actually originate in the said recommendation."

It is true, that *after* certain regulations had been established, we mentioned, that *as* we believed ourselves the first public opposers of masquerades, we thought ourselves bound to state our reasons for so doing, and we stated the maccordingly.

But our own words will prove our best justification.

"As we believe ourselves to have been the first public opposers of the introduction of this species of amusement, which has since been disengaged by authority; we think it necessary to say something more on the subject; not, however, in the smallest degree intimating an idea that, had we been silent, the fathers of the town would not have adopted the same highly praiseworthy resolutions." [Something, p. 118.

"Yet a motive of self preservation, might induce many to exercise spargefaction, merely as a prophylactick!"

The threatened aspiring rocket is here let off—we confess that it eludes our grasp, and soars not only beyond our observance, but beyond

our conception : and yet this correspondent accuses us of a pompous style !

A word or two by the bye about our style. We attempt no peculiarity in it, we endeavour to express our sentiments in the easiest way ; when we had newly emerged from college we thought that the introduction of hard words gave dignity to style—we have since changed our opinion, and now believe that the most intelligible language is the best. However, as the correspondent may be of a different opinion, we will introduce a production, as he may think of the sublimest nature, for it will contain hard words enough, and all Johnsonian.

We cannot pursue his remarks further.

AUTHOR-ITY.

IN love with a pedantic jargon,
Our poets now-a-days are far gone ;
So that a man can't read their songs,
Unless he has the gift of tongues ;
Or else, to make him understand,
Keeps Johnson's Lexicon at hand.

Be warn'd, young poet, and take heed,
That Johnson you with caution read.
Always attentively distinguish
The Greek and Latin words from English :
And never use such, as 'tis wise
Not to attempt to nat'ralize.
Suffice the following specimen,
To make the admonition plain.

Little of *anthropopathy* has he
Who in yon *fulged curriole* reclines
Alone ; while I, *depauperated* bard !
The streets *pedestrious* scour. Why with bland voice
Bids he me not his *vectitation* share ?

Alas ! he fears my *lacerated* coat,
And visage pale with *frigorific* want,
Would bring *dedecoration* on his chaise.
Me miserable ! that th' Aonian hill
Is not *auriferous*, nor fit to bear
The *farinaceous* food, support of bards,
Carnivorous but seldom ; yet the soil
Which Hippocrene *humectates*, nothing yields
But sterile laurels, and aquatics sour.

To *dulcify* th' *absinthiated* cup
 Of life, receiv'd from thy *novercal* hand,
 Shall I have nothing, muse? To *lenify*,
 The heart *indurate*, shall poetic woe,
 And plaintive *ejulation*, nought avail?
 Riches *desiderate* I never did,
 Ev'n when in mood most *optative*; a farm,
 Small, but *aprique*, was all I ever wish'd.
 I when a rustic, would my *blatant* calves
 Well pleas'd *ablaestate*, and delighted tend
 My *gemiliparous* sheep; nor scorn to rear
 The *superb* turkey and the *flippant* goose.
 Then to *dendrology* my thoughts I'd turn,
 A fav'rite care should *horticulture* be;
 But most of all would *geponics* please.
 While *ambulation* thoughtless I protract,
 The tir'd sun *approprinquates* the sea.
 And now my *arid* throat, and *latrant* guts,
Vociferate for supper; but what house
 To get it in, gives *dubititation* sad.
 Oh! for a *turbed* bottle of strong beer
 Mature for *imbibition*! and O! for
 (Dear object of *biation*) mutton pies!

TEARS.

"O let not women's weapons, water drops,
 "Stain my man's cheeks!"

THIS expression during the representation of the tragedy of King Lear, on Monday evening, excited momentary sensations on which we afterwards reflected with some seriousness.

Water drops—tears—women's weapons!—we take this question without interfering in the least with the appropriation of it to the character of Lear, but entirely as an insulated expression.

We shall therefore consider in the first place why tears are called "women's weapons;" and in the next, the right which in latter times the men have assumed in so calling them.

A strange system of what we believe is called philosophy,

"Pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul,
 "(I think the Romans call it stoicism,)"

has latterly with such violence thrusted itself upon us, that we are almost denied by it our natural feelings. We are told that we should not

have sensations of our own, but that we must think as others wish us to think, that we must become the slaves of rule and the minions of infatuated despotism.

For our own part we are willing at once to declare ourselves traitors to all regulations which (excepting when the general benefit of society requires it) restrict the feelings of the father, the brother, or the man.

Let us ask in the first instance, if the lachrymal glands are not equally part of the fabric of the man as of the woman ; and, if so, if providence did not design them for the use of the male as well as of the female ?—Why then should the effect of the exercise of them be particularly specified as a female's exclusive attribute ?—Must we refer to an anterior emotion ? Are we willing to admit that females possess that superior sensibility, that more innate delicacy of feeling, which would excite the effusions of the lachrymal glands in their sex sooner than in the other ? In general we think that we should accede to such an admission. But after such admission had been acceded to, we think we should feel ourselves called upon to enquire into the cause of this distinction or difference of feeling. And our first question would naturally be—why does not a man shed tears as readily as a woman ? To this, fashion and custom will at once afford this answer : that tears are considered as ornaments to female features and disgraces to those of males.—Here then will we rest ; and without considering the beauty they afford to the female countenance, examine only whether or not they are supposed by judges of human nature to disgrace the man.

We are necessarily led in questions of this kind to an examination of the characters of the most celebrated heroes as represented by the poet or historian.—All the poets to whom we shall allude (for it would appear like pedantry to quote their words) have allowed their heroes the privilege of shedding tears, and of course have judged that such an exhibition of feeling was not beneath the dignity of man. Both the heroes of Homer, Achilles and Ulysses, are repeatedly represented in tears —the heroes of Virgil, Tasso, Fenelon, Voltaire (and we would add Milton, could we think Adam his hero) were not intended by their authors to be represented in a disgraceful light, while weeping their respective calamities.

To be men we must partake of all the sympathies of our nature ; nor by partaking of them, nor by feeling for the distresses of others can we render ourselves *less* than men : while the heart beats, let the tears flow. The man who dares to exercise his sympathy for others will never fail of courage to protect himself.—Man will sometimes permit his feelings to be cut off, as it were from nature's soil, and having suffered them to be

exposed to the parching suns of luxury or avarice, will not have left within them one moistening particle wherewith to cool the long parched tongue of poverty, or sickness.

But such characters are to be considered only as exceptions from nature's general rules ; however, they still support the ordinances of nature that the lachrymal glands should be exercised ; for although penu- rious or restrictive of their own tears, they amply make up for the deficiency by causing the tears of others abundantly to flow.—We would strongly recommend to such characters, did we not know it to be useless, to let the poor be their proxies in eating and drinking as well as in weeping.

“Take physic pomp,
“Expose *thyself* to feel what wretches feel ;
“That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
“And shew the heavens more just.”

—♦—
TO THE EDITOR OF SOMETHING.

SIR—I have been told that your paper has some influence in Boston : I am a stranger in this town myself, having resided here en passant only about six weeks ; I am a foreigner, but if I mistake not, of the same country which gave you birth—I therefore, have a claim on your assistance.—Sir, I have fallen very deeply in love, and I have had occasional reasons for supposing that my attentions were not unacceptable, but ten times as many to make me think myself a fool. The young lady to whom I am attached, when alone with me, is apparently serious and inclined to listen to the plain story I have to tell—but when I meet her in parties, or at a ball, her conduct to me is irritating in the extreme ; She then appears perfectly inattentive to me, flirts with her male acquaintances, calls this by his christian, that by his surname, engages with them on topics which I cannot comprehend, and in short drives me almost to distraction, by a total alienation of complacency to me : Now, Sir, my attentions are founded on objects of the most serious and honourable nature, and having as I believe implicitly announced these objects, I think that I have a claim to delicacy of deportment—As I think it dis- honourable in any man to trifle with the feelings of a female, I may be allowed to esteem it ungenerous at least in a female to make the affec- tions of a man her sport. As she regularly reads Something, the inser- tion of this letter may produce some good ; at least it will oblige

Your humble servant,

L. M.

—♦—
BEFORE we insert the following letter we should premise that the above to which it alludes was intended for the press last week, and a promise

given that if possible it should be published in this number; it was in type before the following letter, judging by its date, was written.—To Aspasia, therefore, we can only observe, that we have answered her appeal to our candour, by publishing her cotemporary complaint in the same number. Having only taken the liberty of omitting a few words of course, in the conclusion.

Wednesday Evening, Feb. 7, 1810.

MR. EDITOR,

SIR,—As it has been hinted to me that a letter has been sent to you, in the subject of which I am personally concerned, I take the liberty of requesting that you would not publish it; for indeed sir, I am not naturally the flirt that, as I am told, I am therein represented to be.—You say in your last number, in your answers to correspondents, that L. M. should, if possible, be inserted in your next; I have reason to fear, sir, that the letter to which these initials are subscribed, is the one containing remarks of an unpleasant nature on my conduct.—If therefore, you really indulge those feelings you profess with respect to our sex, I shall rest quietly till Saturday, under an assurance that knowingly you would not give unnecessary pain—if, however, on the other hand, I find L. M.'s letter inserted, I shall rely your on candour, and expect to find, equally made public, my justification—which, sir, is plainly and avowedly this. . . . Mr. L. M. (or the gentleman who writes to you under that signature) was introduced with the strongest recommendations to my father's house, about six weeks since; he soon afterwards became particular, *very* particular in his attentions to me. I have not prudery enough to say that his attentions were altogether unpleasing, nor were they ever so, excepting when they drew on me the eyes, and indelicate remarks of some young men around us: I could almost have wished in their presence he had been less polished in his conduct, less sincere in his attentions, in short, less the gentleman.—He frequently attended me to parties, balls, &c. but where he attended, the sneers of malice, envy, and perhaps jealousy attended also.—He, relying on the superiority of intellect and acquirements, pursued his honourable course; I, *blest* with acquaintances who conveyed every sly whisper to my ear, dreaded his approach to me in public, and to divert or conceal my embarrassment on such occasions, have, as I confess, frequently turned from a man of sense to a silly coxcomb, and playing with the latter as with a fan, or glove, or any other trifle, have subjected myself to the reproaches of one—yes, I will say it—whom I delight to honour.

Yorus'

ASPASIA.

*Boston, Feb. 6, 1810.***NEMO NOBODY, ESQ.**

SIR,—Believing that you have already done much good, and hoping that you will effect much more, I am desirous of giving you an opportunity of extending your exertions, by entering, with your permission, into a regular correspondence with you.—How the proposal I make is contemplated to aid your intentions will be best known by a short account of myself.

I am, sir, a young man just entering (a common observation) into what is called the world. I am naturally anxious to adopt, on all occasions, the best externals not only of dress but deportment: at the same time I wish both to be dictated to my adoption, by an internal sense of what is right. I have many relations and many acquaintances in this town; I am consequently often engaged in parties, public and private.—I naturally, being desirous of improving myself, look round and examine the conduct of my elders, that I may collect from them every thing that may tend to my improvement, as a man, and a gentleman.

During my observations, I frequently witness conduct which appears to me as offering an improper example to youth; and at the same time, witnesss conduct in youth, which I have been instructed to think, should not be sanctioned by age.

I have also observed among the youth of both sexes, a conduct of such a nature as to prove irreconcilable to my ideas of politeness or propriety.

Now, sir, these observations are the stimulus to my corrrespondence with you.—I will, if you permit me, occasionally prefer questions to you, respecting the propriety of *this* action, or *that* observation.—I mingle much with the world, and perhaps may introduce objects to your reflexions, which may prove acceptable by their affording you additional opportunities of doing good.

At present, I shall confine myself to a request, that you will indulge me with an answer to the subjoined question:

What constitutes politeness in society, or what kind of conduct usually practised is inconsistent with it?—By so doing, you will much oblige several friends; and of them, not the least, though the last in the alphabet,

Z.

POLITENESS.

We believe that the principles on which politeness is founded, are those of giving as much pleasure and as little pain as possible to all around us. The latter member of Z's question, affords us a better opportunity of particularizing incidents. We shall accordingly proceed, by observing on some of that kind of conduct which we think is inconsistent with politeness.

It is inconsistent with politeness for one man on a cold day, to stand with his back to the fire, and confine another, by holding him by the button of his coat, immediately before him, till he has finished an useless harrangue, on an indifferent subject.

It is inconsistent with politeness, on meeting any ladies on the side walks to take the wall, or chuse the drier paths, and leave them to pick their way through a puddle, with a total unconcern on your part.

It is inconsistent with politeness, to open or shut a door of any box at the theatre, in such a manner as to occasion pain or disturbance to the persons in it.

To sit with your hat on before ladies, or even gentlemen.

To make so much noise by talking or other improprieties as to disturb the attention of those who are desirous of listening to the performance.

It is inconsistent with politeness when you meet a gentleman in the street, who tells you he is in haste, to force him to stop, till he has listened to a long story about yourself.

To crowd, or suffer any lady to be crowded, on entering or departing from any public place.

To ridicule or swerve from any religious or other formalities in families; each family having an undoubted right to adopt such regulations as may seem meet to them, and with which politeness will induce all gentlemen and ladies to concur.

To keep a gentleman or lady standing on the stair case, in the hall, or at the street door, after you have taken formal leave of them, &c. &c.

ANECDO TE.

I was parting the other day with a friend at the corner of a square, when the voice of a female addressing us, begged that we would permit her to pass; I turned round, and beholding a lady aged and infirm, respectfully offered my services in assisting her to cross the street, which was very wet and slippy. Having accepted them, she thanked me; then pausing and looking me steadily in the face—sir, said she, permit me to relate a fact which strongly marks the manners of our town; old and infirm as I am, and bad as the walking is, I have been under the necessity of traversing the streets for several hours; I have frequently been in difficulty from my age and weakness when attempting to cross the roads; and while the young men of Boston have passed me laughing at my distress, the only instance of assistance I had experienced before yours, was from two gentlemen who were negroes.

I was so forcibly struck with the remark that I could not reply; she squeezed my hand which still supported her, and left me almost motion-

less—yes, she squeezed my hand, and I would not have exchanged the squeeze for that of the prettiest young lady in Boston—for my soul, though not my vanity, was gratified.

REFLEXIONS.

Incidents of this nature, particularly when unexpectedly occurring, excite in a thinking mind emotions and reflexions not easily removed.—This led me to considerations not only of the situation, but of the feelings of the aged and infirm widow, who perhaps has lost an only son, or even all her offspring: Has she not a claim on the delicate attention of all of human shape? Shall it be observed that her dog and her cat are the only animals that still pay her respect and observance? Is she to be neglected by men because she is no longer young, or ridiculed by them because she is no longer beautiful? Humanity forbid! Have we not all had mothers, and do not the one half of the world still prosper under the maternal influence?—What was the natural though ineffectual wish of those who have lost their female parents? Was it not that heaven might have prolonged their existence? and what is the natural wish of all who still enjoy their care? Is it not that providence may still preserve them?—And can we wish their lives to be extended, merely that they may be subjected to inattention and neglect? Let us rather hope that such a wish springs from a feeling more worthy of a human being; from a desire of repaying them in their advanced age, for all the tenderness and anxieties of their younger years by the delighting and delightful caresses of filial love and gratitude.

There is no charm that can render a young man more amiable in the eyes of the sensible and good, than that which emanates from his tender affection to an aged parent.—When I see a young man resisting the allurements of pleasure, and devoting his leisure hours to the comfort, while his active hours are directed to the support, of an infirm mother; attentive to without mocking, her “tale of symptoms;” cheering her spirits, anticipating her wants, indulging her infirmities, and in short, pouring the sweet balm of filial love into the bitter cup of her declining temperament; my heart whispers to me, that in this the will of heaven is executed.—Then says my reason, yes, and how gloriously hereafter, will reflexions on such conduct gild those hours of meditation, which, were his youthful ones consumed in worldly pleasures, would bring with them the pains of sickness, and all the horrors of remorse.

—————
COMMUNICATION.

Electrical Machine.—Instead of the common insulating stool, four glass cups may be substituted; these are to be placed under the feet of any con-

venient chair, table, or stand. These cups simplify the usual apparatus for applying medical electricity, and at the same time render it more portable and less expensive.

These glasses may be readily obtained at the glass-house. Those I have used, and found sufficiently strong, are two inches high, two and a half inches in diameter, and nearly an inch thick at the bottom. Where these glasses cannot be procured, thick fragments of glass, as firm pieces of broken bottles, will answer the purpose, though less perfectly. Four common tumblers may be used instead of these glasses, either in the manner above mentioned, or by placing a board over them, or over bottles, and the chain placed on it.

HORNE TOOKE.

THERE are many books published of extraordinary but essential merit, the literary characteristic of which is of so high a cast as to soar beyond the comprehension of general intelligence—yet in such works are contained the elementary principles of words, and, we may add of thought. Highest in the rank of such works, for deep investigation of the roots of our words, is one whose title is as inappropriate to its contents, as would be a New Year's Gift to the Iliad of Homer. We allude to what is called the *Diversions of Purley*, by Horne Tooke. The title invited us to amusement, the contents bound us to instruction. We have been heretofore much indebted to this work, and such parts of it as we may hereafter render acceptable to our readers, by easy introductions, we shall select.

SCRAP.

IT is painful to a moralist to reflect, on the littlenesses which the pride of the human heart will sometimes induce a weak man to practise, for the purpose of obtaining notice.

At a late ball, a violent and rude noise on the staircase, and a subsequent opening and shutting of the door, attended with unpolished language, arrested the attention of the greater part of the company; they began to imagine that, as at the theatre, the hack-men were about to force their way in; when, however, the astonishment of the company was supposed to have been sufficiently excited, and every eye turned towards the door—in walked a puny whipster, a trifling coxcomb, who had himself, purposely, raised the disturbance, to serve as an ushering notice to his entrance. A gentleman endeavouring to recover his neighbour from his apparent alarm, archly observed, “there is now nothing but folly to fear,” for

Parturiunt mortes, nascetur ridiculus *m.s.*

MR. NOBODY,

Boston, Feb. 7, 1810.

SIR—I feel myself very much incommoded every time I visit meeting, in being situated almost opposite to a young gentleman who is continually fixing his eyes upon me. Pray sir, be so kind as to give the young gentleman a hint to change his behaviour, which I think very indequate in such a place. Yours,

PRISCILLA.

ANSWER.

MISS PRISCILLA,

Boston, Feb. 8, 1810.

IF you will attend more to your devotional duties, and less to the young gentleman, you will not then *perceive* that he is "continually fixing his eyes upon you." Yours in friendship,

N. N.

COMMUNICATION.

LINES

Addressed to a young Lady of Boston.

1

MAY heaven propitious to my fervent prayer,
On thee, my love, its choicest gifts bestow ;
May my Eliza every blessing share,
That I, imperfect mortal, ne'er can know !

2

On thee has heaven bestow'd a liberal mind,
With sensibility and candour fraught :
By education's genial rays refin'd,
Still brighter shine the virtues of thy heart.

3

The conscious smile that animates thy face
Expresses innocence, a powerful charm ;
While gentle manners and attractive grace
Augment the interest of a pleasing form.

4

Should matrimony cloud the happy morn,
Soon may those transitory vapours flee :
My path to thee is strew'd with many a thorn,
Yet may a flower of *hope* still bloom for me.

5

May the blest mortal, whom kind fate ordains
To lead Eliza through the walks of life,
Possess a heart where every virtue reigns,
And make thee, lovely girl, a happy wife !

NEMO NOBODY, ESQ.

SIR—We were informed by a writer in the Mirror last week, that you were an ubiquitary genius—now sir, as I am one of the “hic et ubique” sort, I wonder that we have never met before: But sir, as he and I are intimately connected, with your permission I will apply to him for a formal introduction to you.

FOLLY.

WE can only wonder that the subscriber to the above should seek a formal introduction to an old acquaintance with whom he has been heretofore so closely allied.

BON MOT.

AT the French academy, Abbé Reignier, the secretary, one day made a collection in his hat of one pistole from each member to defray the current expenses. The Abbé did not observe, that the president, who was a very avaricious man, had put his pistole into the hat, and presented it to him a second time—“I have given already,” he replied. “I believe it,” said the abbé, “but I did not see it.” “And I,” rejoined Fontenelle, who was at his side, “saw it, but did not believe it.”

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

“North-End” and “South-End,” were committed to the flames on reception. The *boys* who send such communications are reminded of Mr. Pope’s observation,

“Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency, is want of sense.”

“Euphemia’s” favour is received too late to grace this number.
To “School Boy,” we would recommend,

“With satchel, and shining morning face,”
To trudge more “willingly to school.”

“Honestus”—wears a suspicious appearance.—We like honest men, but we like also honest productions.

“Alonzo” will appear next week.

We have received many favours, of which we generally acknowledge our acceptance.

A letter is just received signed a “Patron,” censuring us for inserting certain letters—he may perhaps complain of our having admitted the letter from B. M. L. in this number.—There is an old saying, that when you wish to get rid of monkies, your surest way is to shew them their own features in a looking glass. We shall publish our “Patron’s” letter in our next equally verbatim and literatim after which, if he should decline further communications, we may have, as he wishes, the more room for common sense.